

Love by lapits (nadagio)

Series: [Choosing To Love \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve wants to take his relationship with Billy beyond friendship. Billy doesn't immediately punch him in the face. This seems promising.

Love

Author's Note:

This skips over a lot of time in which there is a *LOT* of assumed character growth and developing friendship. (Ain't nobody got time to write that.) I'm also saying NOPE to extensive internalized homophobia and dramatic sexuality crises, so. They'll probably seem very out of character.

The song ended. The cassette stopped. After long minutes full of loud music, the room was quiet.

"They have any other albums out?" Steve said.

No response.

Steve turned his head to look at the guy sprawled out next to him. They'd been lying in Steve's room listening to some tapes Billy had brought over, and it seemed Billy had been tired enough to fall asleep even with a thrash metal group blaring loudly in the background.

Amazing. Steve couldn't imagine being able to ignore that much noise.

"Billy?" Steve said. But Billy's sleep was too deep for him to hear or react. What a dick. Leaving Steve awake to entertain himself alone.

Would it be rude for Steve to wake him up? Probably. Did Steve care? Jury was still out on that one.

Steve rolled sideways and inspected his friend, who was in a rare state of quiet and relaxation. None of the carefully maintained persona of macho confidence and sex-appeal. Christ, the guy was ridiculous but Steve liked him anyway.

Billy's jacket was twisted around his torso, shirt hiked up to display even more skin than usual. His pendant necklace wrapped around his neck like it might choke him and his hair was a tangled blonde cloud around his head. He frowned even in his sleep, always angry at

something.

“Billy,” Steve said again, deciding he didn’t care if it was rude. He was gonna wake him up. “Hey, *Billy*.”

Nothing. Steve leaned in real close, mouth by his hear, and said loudly, “Wake up!”

Billy flinched and grunted, frown deepening.

“Billy,” Steve said.

Billy groaned, eyes still closed. He said, “Fuck off.”

“Nope. Wake up, the tape’s done.”

“So?” Billy finally opened his eyes, squinting and glaring at Steve. “I’m sleeping.”

“Don’t care.” Steve grinned.

“Thought you were the nice one. When did you get to be such a dick?” Billy said, rubbing a hand over his face.

“Maybe you rubbed off on me,” Steve said. He shoved at Billy’s shoulder just to be a jerk. “The dick is catching.”

Billy snorted a laugh, smile edging toward a leer as he woke up and became more coherent.

“Trust me. You’d remember if I ever rubbed off on you.”

“Eh.” Steve sat up and watched Billy’s shirt ride up even higher while Billy stretched his arms up above his head and arched his back. The guy might as well not be wearing a shirt at all for all the skin he was showing. “You talk a good talk, but I bet it’s just that. Talk.”

“You fucker. I’ll show you talk,” Billy said. And that’s all the warning Steve got before he was tackled to floor, shrieking.

“Knock it off!” Steve said, trying and failing to ward off Billy’s hands. “Dammit. Billy!”

Steve ended up pinned face down on the ground with a dirty sock uncomfortably close to his face. He grimaced.

“You really suck at this,” Billy said. “It’s pathetic.”

“I never claimed to be a champion wrestler, asshole.”

“Fuck ‘champion.’ You couldn’t even take down my scrawny step-sister. She’s like, thirteen.”

“Yeah, well...” Steve tried to roll over or sit up but Billy’s hold was firm. “Max is also tough as shit and not afraid to nail your balls to the floor.”

“True.” Billy laughed and finally let up. Steve pushed himself to a seated position and leaned against the bedframe with a sigh.

“Dick,” Steve said.

“You were begging for it.”

“I was.” Steve raised his eyebrows. “But then you tackled me instead of *giving* it to me.” He wiggled his hips suggestively.

Billy smirked and sat beside him, bumping shoulders.

“Just waiting for you to say ‘please,’ sweetheart.”

Steve looked at him and thought about continuing their banter, the long-standing joke that was their playful flirtations. Thought about playing it safe and never knowing if it was serious, or just a part of Billy’s need to feel confident and desirable.

Instead he asked, “Is that all I need to do?”

His tone caught Billy’s attention and the smirk faltered. Billy said, measured and careful, “Sure is. You know I’m easy.”

Because Steve couldn’t let that one go unanswered, he smiled and said, “Would rather you were hard.”

Billy snorted and Steve put a hand on Billy’s leg. Steve said, very

seriously, "Please."

It was probably a testament to the strength of their friendship and the progress of their trust and communication that Billy didn't immediately punch Steve in the face. Instead, he looked at Steve's hand on his thigh. He asked,

"What are you doing, Steve?"

"Trying to let you know it's not just a joke to me. Or doesn't have to be." Steve resisted the strong urge to remove his hand and flee, or to laugh and pretend he was kidding. He wasn't, but he was scared. "If you want."

All levity was gone from the room, neither of them were smiling. Neither of them were storming out or screaming yet either, so, that was probably good. Hopefully.

"Didn't know you were that desperate for a lay," Billy said, looking him in the eyes. "You know there's still plenty of bitches around here'd be happy to suck you off."

"I know. But I'm not asking them. This isn't me being desperate, Billy."

Billy scoffed, dropping his eyes back down to Steve's hand. "Sure seems like it. But fine, so you want to fuck. Once? A few times? 'Til you get bored or graduate and go off to do your fancy college thing?"

"More like, until you get sick of me and dump my ass. If or when that ever happens."

"I'm not gonna be your fucking girlfriend," Billy said, sneering. His hands were clenched tightly at his sides.

"How about my boyfriend?"

Billy's laugh was weak. Desperate. "You can't be serious."

"I know people would be assholes about it," Steve said. "Don't have to tell them all. Don't have to tell your dad, especially not before you move out."

Billy stood up and walked to the bedroom window, turning his back. But he didn't leave. Steve stood as well, but didn't dare get any closer. Sometimes Billy just needed space.

"You're making a lot of assumptions here, Harrington."

"Maybe. I'm telling you what I want." And feeling fucking terrified he'd already ruined everything while he was doing it. Steve had to remind himself that Billy was still here. He hadn't left yet. "You don't want it, fine, we don't need it. Nothing has to change, I'm just asking if it can. If you want to make that choice."

"That's a fucking lot to ask a guy."

"Yeah."

Billy turned around, all aggressive confidence, and strode back to stand right in front of Steve. Met his eyes and lifted one hand to grip the back of Steve's neck. Steve looked back evenly, never one to back down when it mattered.

Billy brought their mouths together in a kiss that was all mashing lips, devouring tongues, and sharp teeth. Steve pressed forward and gripped his jacket with both hands.

It felt really fucking good.

Sometime later they both pulled away, panting.

"I'll think about it," Billy said.

"Yeah, okay."

Billy reached down to grab the beginnings of Steve's erection through his jeans. He smirked and said, "In the meantime, you gonna think of me when you take care of this?"

Steve shoved him away, but he was smiling. "Stick around and I'll assume you wanna watch."

Billy winked. "Another time, maybe. Always gotta leave 'em wanting more."

"Fuck off. And leave your tapes." Steve crossed his arms. "I'm not walking you to the door."

"That's just fine," Billy said. The smug look on his face made Steve want to smack him. Or kiss him. Or maybe one and then the other. "I know you wanna stare at my ass while I walk away."

"Can't stare unless you go."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm going. Hold your horses."

Billy sauntered out of the room with an extra swing in his step. Steve did stare, unashamed.

"Think about it," Steve reminded him.

Billy waved his hand and shut the door behind him, saying, "I will." Even through the hardwood, Steve could hear him follow it up by saying, "In loving detail. Plenty of positions. Technicolor, too."

Steve shook his head and laughed.

Shit.

Could have gone a lot worse. And he had the memory of that kiss to keep him busy for a while.

Nothing changed the next day. Or the day after that. Billy teased and swore and Steve teased and swore right back. On the third day Steve asked, "You still thinking about it?"

Billy said, "Yeah." So he left it alone.

Eight days of Billy thinking about it and Steve got in the passenger seat of Billy's Camaro, ready to go to the record store like they'd planned. Only Billy didn't start the car. Steve looked at him curiously.

"Billy?"

"I thought about it," Billy said.

“Oh yeah?” Steve was proud of himself for not squeaking or shaking or otherwise giving away how nervous he was about this conversation. “Make any decisions?”

“Yeah.”

Steve waited. And waited some more.

“Christ. You gonna *tell* me?” Steve said, scowling. Fuck patience. He’d waited patiently for eight fucking days.

Billy laughed and Steve knew he’d done it on purpose. Asshole.

“Well, Steve,” Billy said. “I decided...”

He paused a little too long and Steve shoved at his shoulder. Billy caught his hand and kept it, met his eyes and brought Steve’s fingers to his lips. Drew them in and sucked, using his tongue to massage the tips. Steve’s breath caught. Holy shit. Billy pulled his mouth away with a leer.

“Let’s give it a go.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, oh.” Billy laughed. “That all you’re gonna say?”

“Oh, I’m glad,” Steve cleared his throat. “Real glad. But unless you wanna give everyone in the parking lot here a show, I suggest we get going.”

Billy bit his hand gently then let it go. He started the car.

“We still going to the record store?” he asked.

“No,” Steve said. “To my place. Or the quarry, or lake, or fucking anywhere we can make out in peace, Billy, I don’t care.”

“All right keep your pants on.” Billy backed up out of the parking spot. “Still gotta get there.”

“Not gonna take long, the way you drive.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Wasn’t exactly thanking you.”

“So you want to wait longer, is what you’re saying?”

“...No.”

“That’s what I thought.”

Billy turned up the music and tore down the street, risking their lives for a thrill but Steve couldn’t help grinning. He felt excited. He felt happy. He felt love.

Author's Note:

And then comes the smut, but sorry you'll have to imagine it. No plans to continue this series at the moment.

Thank you all for reading and commenting, hope you enjoyed. :)